

WILL YOU HELP STOP THE THE RAVAGES OF FAMINE IN INDIA?

WAR CRY

GAZETTE AND OFFICIAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

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FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA.

Help, Urgent and Immediate, Called For.

BY THE GENERAL.

TWO months ago the failure of the ordinary rains in India was announced, and a terrible famine was anticipated as the natural consequence. From previous experience the country had some idea of

what in the Spring, the present rains so far softening the ground as to allow for the reception of the seed. There was to be food, then—but that time was far distant.

(2) The stopping of the extortionate

and fifty thousand men are employed on relief works. A syndicate of leading citizens in Bombay has been formed to purchase grain, not for sale in the open market, excepting in places where prices are being extravagantly and cruelly raised. In such cases the Association forwards a supply at once, keeping the markets at reasonable rates, and thereby holding extortion in abeyance. Nevertheless, there is a fabulous amount of suffering already in existence, a heavy share of which falls on the women and children.

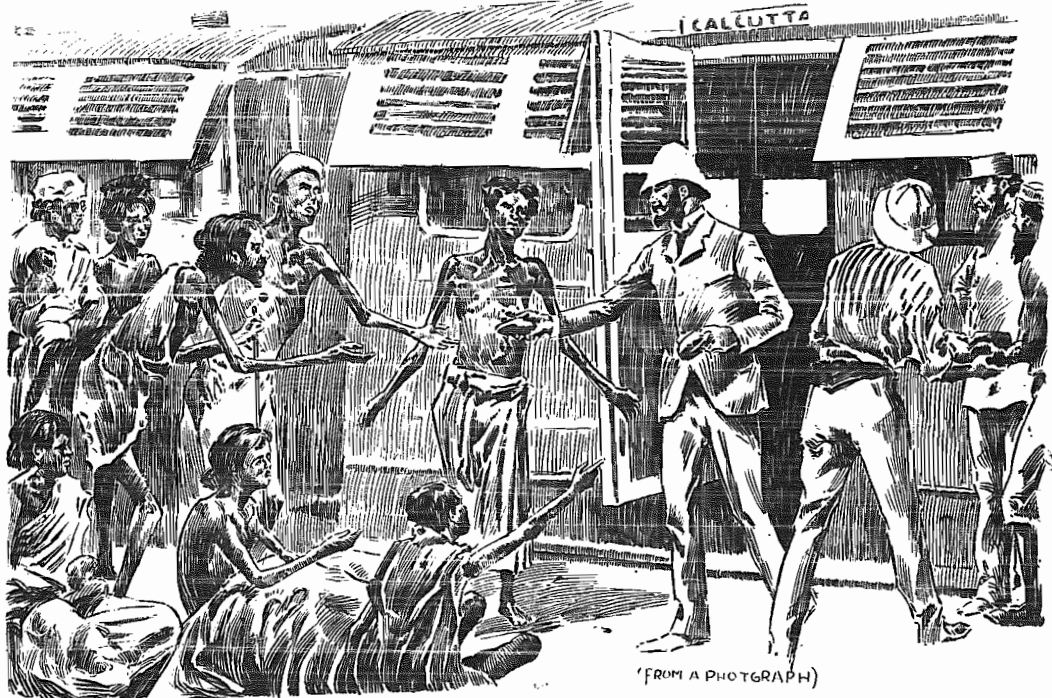
Our Officers in Deep Distress

Our own Officers in some districts are in actual danger of starvation, and must

We Must Do Something.

I hardly know how to ask my dear people for co-operation in this matter. The Self-Denial effort has only just closed, and many Corps have heavy home claims that they want to meet. Our giving abilities are very limited, and seem of late to have been taxed to their utmost capacity. Still, we must try again. We cannot sit down and see our own people, and those who listen to our teaching, and those who live within the radius of our operations, perish before our eyes. Another struggle must be made.

A little from each of our Soldiers and Friends, according to their ability, when put together, will make a decent amount. If twopenny will keep a man, woman, or



THE ARRIVAL OF A RELIEF TRAIN AT JUBBULPORE

the enormity of such a calamity, and public sympathy began to flow out freely. The prospects were excellent for obtaining a larger measure of financial assistance.

Then, to the delight of all, rain was reported as having fallen in many districts. This was regarded as a certain deliverance from the looked-for visitation; the strain of anxiety was at once broken, everybody being made to feel that there was no need for any great concern. What was required the Government would do, and the public settled down, with unspeakable satisfaction that the dreaded agony was avoided, and that all was well.

But what did the reported rains amount to?

(1) Little more than the hope of a Har-

advances in the prices of food, which was very excellent.

A Dismal Condition.

But what about the poor people who have nothing to eat to-day in consequence of the failure of the Autumn Crop, and no money to buy food with, even supposing that its prices could be maintained at the ordinary rates? That there should be no food until September was a calamity too terrible to contemplate; but that there should be none till April made it certain that thousands would perish in the meantime, unless generous, liberal and energetic assistance was given. To help the starving multitudes, the authorities are, I believe, making Herculean efforts. One million two hundred

have help. Their own poor people cannot assist them, and their present allowances will not enable them to pay for a sufficient amount of food to keep body and soul together at its advanced prices.

On the whole, the situation is so aggravated that the Government asks for assistance from outside charity. Among other reasons, we hear that this request has been delayed from the natural fear of the different Agencies overlapping each other. With regard to any assistance we render, we will see that this does not occur. Fortunately, Commissioner Howard is in India, and has the direction of the matter in hand. He will himself make or supervise all the arrangements for the distribution of the help funded from this country. But something must be done, and done at once.

child alive for a week, we can surely raise the food money, and we can always have—especially in this case—the encouragement that "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." The security is excellent and the repayment sure. Who will help? Contributions may be handed to the Captain or forwarded to the Field Commissioner, Evangeline Booth, Albert Street, Toronto.

Brother Liddle, the Temple Janitor, is a military veteran who has seen service in the Crimean war, in the 2nd Highlanders, under General Roberts. He has two medals, one from the British, dated 1854, the other from the Turkish authorities, dated 1855.

is a very important part of holiness. If he be asked, "To what extent must we be one?" the answer is given by Christ Himself in the very next sentence: "One, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I to Thee!" We Christians are to be one, as Christ and the Father are one. What a union! How can we illustrate it? The



A Service of Song

the light, or of how little use they would be except in song.

The next Saturday he sailed for Paris.

Two years later there was in London an American cadet in training for Salvation Army work. She was sitting with a lot of other girls preparing her Bible lesson, when there came a most unexpected summons "to the Major's office." The American cadet went, wondering what she had done or what she was going to be told to do; such a summons must have seemed thing to do with one of those two questions.

"I want you to go down and take charge of it," said the Major in a most matter-of-fact voice, then adding, "Why, what's the matter?"

The American cadet was not crying, but she looked white and frightened. "I don't know how to give my testimony," she said. "Why, you know I don't. I am sure I can't say anything in a meeting or take charge of a corps."

"I am sending another cadet with you, and I am sure the Lord will give you both real victory," answered the Major kindly, and the American cadet went back to join the others just in time to hear them singing:

(Singing together.)

In the fight, say, does your heart grow
Do you find your path is rough and
thorny?

And above the sky is dark and stormy?
Never mind, go on!
Lay aside all fear, and onward press,
Bravely fight and God will give you His
blessing.

Though the war at times may prove distressing,
Never mind, go on!

Chorus.

When the road we tread is rough,
Let us bear in mind
In our Saviour's strength enough
We may always find.

The fighting may be tough,
Let our motto be
"Go on, go on to victory."

On Thursday the two went. On Friday evening they had a small meeting, but one drunkard came in and found a saviour who could even take away the appetite for liquor. On Saturday the officers drilled well for the open-air and had a wonderful time in that broad unobscured area with the throngs of people of all nationalities. A good number followed the march into the barracks, and among the others was one man who looked as though he had a small meeting. He bowed close behind the little procession, and seemed to be singing with the others:

"The light of the world is Jesus,
The light of the world is Jesus;
And if we come to Him,
He'll wash away our sin.
The light of the world is Jesus.

He was very quiet. In fact, he made the American cadet feel rather nervous by the way in which he kept his eyes on her, but calmly, but almost unobscuredly, and as if he wanted to read her inmost soul. She asked the other cadet to come in to see if he could help the stranger. He said, "Excuse me, I want to have a word with the American one; she comes from my country."

The other cadet delivered the message and started a fresh chorus, while "the American one," as she had been called, went to see if she could help the stranger. He looked miserable enough to need help in more ways than one.

As soon as she came back, he leaned over and said, "You're an American. I know you are by your accent. That's what made me come in here to meeting. I'm from Boston, and I want to be a Christian. Now, I want to ask you a question straight, and I want you to answer it as if it was done on a test. I have known you for nearly twenty years, and then went back and did everything bad that he could do for two years, and you said God would forgive a man like that?"

The man's voice was low, but eager to the point of desperation. The American cadet lifted her heart in a moment's silent prayer for the light to help, just as the soldiers were singing softly—

(Singing tenderly.)

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Oh, say, will you take up your cross?
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On Sunday afternoon he came again, but went out before the meeting closed. He arrived early for the night meeting and stayed to the end, but would not give up his will into Jesus' keeping, though he trembled so that the next shock would not want to go back to my mother and confess all," he said. "I really can't bear it. It is worse than death. Yet all through that night it seemed as if he could hear over and over again the words of that solo, which one of the older soldiers had sung near the beginning of the meeting:

(Sung as a solo.)
"Time—'Faintest Plea.' R. J. H. P. W. H.)

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In His service how much will you lose?
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"I walked the streets," she answered. "And how did you spend the night before?"

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"No, I understand that," she answered, "but take it this time for the sake of America."

For the sake of America he took it and went. About six weeks later the American cadet was sent with a message to the house of the Social work. While she was waiting, she often passed through the room, looked at her and turned back.

"About you did you send a man here with a note?" he asked. "A man by the name of Masters, I think? I am sure he would be glad to see you. He went home to see his mother and that was all right. I arranged for him to pay for his passage by doing some light work on the ship, and had one of our officers meet him in New York. The officer has written to tell me that Masters gained his mother's forgiveness, and that his father would not speak to him—and now he has gone West to make a fresh start in life. Our officers will try to help him all they can."

It was a very little thing for God to use as the first link in one of His marvellous chains of mercy, but it was an American secret in a foreign city, but it was one of our reasons for glorying in Him that He can so make the little things into mighty instruments, and can use the small to overcome the great.

From east to west, from north to south, wherever the links of the social work are growing, and building continents together, in one beautiful spirit of international helpfulness, there still goes up from the hearts of those who have been given the light by the loving, loyal service of workers who had little else to give that was to give them (give their best), the simple little chorus which Allan Masters sang on the way to his first Salvation Army meeting:

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(This service of song is intended to fill the greater part of an evening meeting. After the opening hymn and prayers the collector should be taken, and then the reader, previously appointed, should begin. Some one also should be prepared to sing the songs and choruses at the proper time.)

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At His cross will you still kneel adoring,
And the cross which He gives you refuse?

I dare, Lord! I dare, Lord!
I dare to do all for Thee.

"We are so glad," said the two cadets, as they shook hands with Allan Masters at the end of the meeting. They did not know how to ask if it were well with his soul. He had said the best of all stories, but he said that he was ready to go home and tell his mother everything and his room and was sure that he was for the journey. "We'll give you a note of introduction to one of the Social work

Officers, and he'll help you if you can," said the cadets almost in one breath, and then one wrote the note.

They were turning away when the American cadet spoke suddenly, "Where did you sleep last night?" she asked.

"I walked the streets," she answered. "And how did you spend the night before?"

"I walked the streets," she answered. "But what are you going to do tonight, then?" she asked with increasing pity, remembering the worn-out shirt.

"Do the same thing, I suppose, unless the policemen will let me sit on a bench. But I shan't mind so much to-night— you understand?"

Yes, the cadet understood. It was not easy or natural for him to talk about his soul; for two long years he had chosen to forget that he had one!

The American cadet thought a moment; then she counted out six pence, and you take that to the Salvation Army Shelter for Men, just a few streets away, you can get something to eat and a place to sleep in."

Allan Masters looked hurt and indignant. "I didn't come here to beg of you," he said.

"No, I understand that," she answered, "but take it this time for the sake of America."

For the sake of America he took it and went. About six weeks later the American cadet was sent with a message to the house of the Social work. While she was waiting, she often passed through the room, looked at her and turned back.

"About you did you send a man here with a note?" he asked. "A man by the name of Masters, I think? I am sure he would be glad to see you. He went home to see his mother and that was all right. I arranged for him to pay for his passage by doing some light work on the ship, and had one of our officers meet him in New York. The officer has written to tell me that Masters gained his mother's forgiveness, and that his father would not speak to him—and now he has gone West to make a fresh start in life. Our officers will try to help him all they can."

It was a very little thing for God to use as the first link in one of His marvellous chains of mercy, but it was an American secret in a foreign city, but it was one of our reasons for glorying in Him that He can so make the little things into mighty instruments, and can use the small to overcome the great.

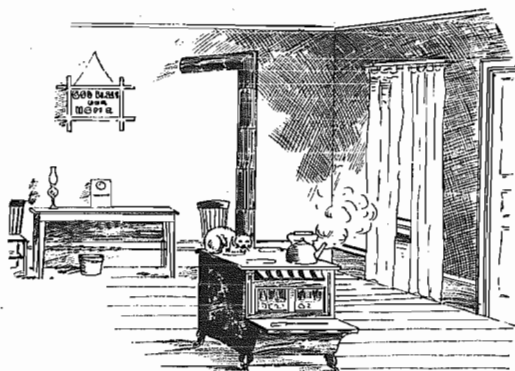
From east to west, from north to south, wherever the links of the social work are growing, and building continents together, in one beautiful spirit of international helpfulness, there still goes up from the hearts of those who have been given the light by the loving, loyal service of workers who had little else to give that was to give them (give their best), the simple little chorus which Allan Masters sang on the way to his first Salvation Army meeting:

The light of the world is Jesus,
The light of the world is Jesus,
And if you will come to Him,
He'll wash away your sin.
The light of the world is Jesus.

(This service of song is intended to fill the greater part of an evening meeting. After the opening hymn and prayers the collector should be taken, and then the reader, previously appointed, should begin. Some one also should be prepared to sing the songs and choruses at the proper time.)

Draw me, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the Cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast eye,
And my will be lost in Thine.



Lazarus at Regina in a Blizzard.

While here a terrible blizzard raged, with the thermometer 35 degrees below zero. So fierce and cold was it, that I witnessed in the Quarters' kitchen the kettle boiling on the front of the stove and the cot comfortable on the back as per picture I had drawn afterwards and am sending you. In such intense cold as this a fire raged, and two girls were

turned to a cinder while the only survivor, after risking her life to save them, had to face the cold, and with only night clothing half burned off, ran a quarter of a mile to a farm-house, the nearest place. She was terribly frozen. She is now under the care of Captain Iredale, at the quarters, the Captain being a trained nurse.—Ensign McEntee.

AMID FROST AND SNOW.

50 Below Zero—A Doctor Speaks in Meeting W. C. T. U. A Varied Program—Song Service

By MRS. MAJOR REED.

THE Editor kindly promised me a column a week, in which to chronicle my Western wanderings.

I know the Editor is anxious for news of the war—pure and simple—or I might be tempted to sally on the last few hours with the dear ones at home. Never did the little girl's arms cling so tightly, or the sweet voice prattle so lovingly as in those fast-fading last hours. Never did the home comforts seem so precious as when the impossibility of the enjoyment of them for six or seven weeks became inevitable. The kind interest and sympathy of our beloved Leader, as expressed in her farewell message, helped to cheer the first hours of loneliness on the car.

Fifty-eight degrees below zero and the mercury froze—was not a promising prognostication.

Such was the information we DID receive, however, on the first morning of our journey.

Port Arthur.

But the warm welcome of our dear comrades at Port Arthur dispelled any cold reception. A good crowd assembled for the first meeting, and the majority stayed on interestedly till eleven p. m. Ensign Green's announcement—as the minute-hand of my watch pointed to 10.40 Western time—as we had had two meetings, we must have two collections, was good-naturedly received and responded to.

"I've come fifteen miles to hear you. Couldn't come last night," said a brother, who, with his wife, grasped my hands ardently at the close of our beautiful afternoon meeting on Thursday.

Almost every Soldier had made a point of being present, and a splendid crowd of friends. The brother and his wife accompanied us to

Fort William.

also Ensign Green and some of her Soldiers. This meeting was a talk on "The Social," but unfortunately had to be cut short, as we had to catch the train for Winnipeg. We had a good time, nevertheless.

I deeply regretted not having the chance to stay over in RAT PORTAGE. "It is comparatively new opening, and the Officers boarded the train with fruit, etc., and told of good news of victory."

CAPTAIN DWYER HAS INCREASED HER CRYE OF PER WEEK, and told me of MANY SOULS BEING CONVERTED.

Good Old Winnipeg.

It was a pleasure to look into the faces of old friends once more, and remember all the love and sympathy of two years ago, when the Major's health failed. Dear Ensign Walton, her Soldiers and the friends were most cordial in their welcome, and in spite of severe weather and

United Revival Services in the City, we had a blessed time. The programme was a varied one, consisting of Social meeting, Holiness, Salvation, Junior, Armenian, etc. Saturday night Brother Glory made things interesting.

On Sunday afternoon in the Rescue meeting.

Dr. Youmans spoke,

saying we might always rely upon her as a strong friend of the Army. At night a good crowd gathered in spite of the condition of the mercury. We finished at eleven—happy with TWO AT THE CROSS for the day.

Monday afternoon, the W. C. T. U. had arranged

A Meeting in the Westminster Church.

The President spoke well of the work, and Dr. Youmans gave a most interesting address on the causes of social impurity.

The writer described methods and advances of the Women's Social, and an offering was taken for Winnipeg Home.

The press was most generous, and every paper gave a splendid report. In the evening an interested audience listened sympathetically to Armenian sorrows.

Tuesday was devoted to Rescue business, a meeting and tea with the girls and a song service at night.

Della's Deliverance

was returned to with rapid attention. Captain Halkier on rest—rendered good service in the music, also the Cadets. Captain Alward sang a song, and paid a quarter for the privilege. The crowd gave just a splendid collection. Ensign Heston spoke, and Captain Fox, who has just come into the Field, farewell for Minot.

We finished as usual at 11 p. m., with a happy wind-up.

Wednesday—the last day—was full of work. During a delightful Council with the Cadets in the morning, a loving message of loyalty was sent to our Commissioner, Mrs. Major Bennett was present.

A Junior meeting in the evening and a final Holiness gathering was on the programme. Beautiful crowd; spiritual, blessed influence and ONE SOUL SAVED, others testifying to much blessing.

At a late hour we bid good-bye, thankful for the privilege of meeting the Comrades and friends, Brother Pierce, Brother Nelson, and many of the old Comrades are standing true to the flag. The Band played out every night. The Corps is progressing under Ensign Walton's command. We shall not soon forget her kindness and hearty co-operation in our efforts. Greater victories are before the Rescue Work in the North-West.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE comes next.

United States Brevities.

A "Quaker Quartette" is specializing in Philadelphia.

Staff-Captain Carlson, a Lasse, has arrived in New York, and will help on the Scandinavian work.

Brigadier Halpin's little boy, Edwin, has been promoted to Glory.

The famous New York Brewery Corps recently had 400 people at knee-drill.

New York No. 1 Corps reports forty sinners in the Fountain last week.

The great Willard Hall, Chicago, was packed at a noon-day meeting, conducted by Commander Booth-Tucker, during the recent Triple Congress.

The Juniors of East Portland, Or., presented a quilt to the Rescue Home to be opened shortly.

Washington's birthday, February 22nd, is to be celebrated by the United States forces in proper Salvation style, by the opening of a Home for Waifs and Strays, to be called the Cherry-Tree Home.

A BOY YOUNG (now, not particularly vicious, but very fond of fun and frolic, music and the dance, was young Tom Howell about fifteen years ago in the Welsh Principality, one day a Salvation Army Lasse Officer went to the house where Tom boarded. She spoke to Tom about the soul; he laughed good-naturedly. It was novel and amusing. But the Lasse put her hand on his shoulder, and sat down on her knees by his side, and he thought the scene becoming dramatic—his fun was soon swept away, and his mind solemnized, as the Lasse pleaded with God on his behalf. He says she told God about his sins, and made him feel wretched—so wretched that he didn't rest till he went to the Army meeting and got converted. The Lasse is now Mrs. Joseph Evans, in Australia, and of course Tom Howell is now Major Howell, Provincial Officer in Central Ontario.

"To be anxious about to-morrow is evidence that we are not fully trusting God to-day."



ENSIGN O'BRIEN, of Simcoe.

Baby's Birthday.



COMMISSIONER MRS. BOOTH-HELLBERG.

"The following beautifully pathetic lines," says the Indian War Cry, "were written by our beloved late Commissioner, Ruban, on the birthday of her little angel child, and sent in a personal letter to a comrade in India. The Commissioner had not the remotest idea of their ever appearing in print, but it seemed to us, that they would touch a tender chord and prove a source of comfort to the hearts of the very many parents whose little ones have been taken to the skies, that we begged to be allowed to publish them." We re-publish them in the assurance that they will appeal to other hearts similarly bereft, and help them also to say, "Thy will be done."—Ed.

Baby darling—It's your birthday—
You are spending it in Heaven,
Only this day twelve-month—Sweet one
To your Mother you were given;
No—not given, only but Love,
Lent for but so short a time,
Yet what bliss thrilled thro' and thro' me
As I clasped you first as mine.

How I laughed like peals of joy-bells
When I heard your first sweet cry,
How my heart seemed full of sunshine
When first I saw your bright blue eye.
How I kissed you for your Father,
That away across the sea,
How I pressed you tight and tighter
When you cooed and looked at me.

Now my Baby, oh, my Baby,
You have gone so far away,
And your Mother's heart is bleeding,
Missing all the night and day;
Arms so empty—life so dreary,
She can never be the same,
But to-day a twelve-month Baby
Oh, how different when you came.

Yet my darling you are happy,
God who took you is so kind,
Heaven is so full of "Fretting"
That will charm your Baby mind:
"Mid my anguish, Baby darling,
This thought oft has stolen me,
You now never cry for Mother,
Mother only cries for thee.

And if Mother's tears are holy,
Not of anger—only pain,
God will let them do their work Love,
Then they are not shed in vain;
With them He will soften sorrow,
And upon it place His seal,
Tearing her to core, and others,
Who have heart-aches just as real.

I wish my Baby I could visit
Your little grave on India shores,
That shaded spot where last I held thee,
Oh, that I could go once more,
Just to kiss the tiny white cross,
With the words engraved upon,
Words so hard—yet best to say—'Let
Sweet sweetest—"Thy will be done."

But you lie not there any more, Pretty,
But upon your Mother's breast,
And I know as well as I know,
You will find—as I did—rest.
Rest my own pure Angel Flower,
Rest the sweetest and the best,
Where no earthly pain or sorrow
Can thy peace or joy molest.

So rest on my Babe Kristina,
Mother would not call thee back,
Would not lift you out of Heaven,
For, while you are never back;
She will come to thee, my Baby,
When her work on earth is done,
Then her tears will cease forever,
For—Heaven and Baby wait.

L.M.H.—H.

REVIVAL CAMPAIGN AT YORKVILLE.

The Chief Secretary Holds the Fort for Eight Days Assisted by Mrs. Jacobs and Headquarters Staff—A Wonderful Triumph.

The "Good Old" Times.

For many years it has been customary for Provincial and other Staff Officers, when conducting special meetings at Corra, to do a Sunday's, or at most a three days' Campaign, and then pass on to other battle-grounds. While this plan is good, as far as it goes, and is often as much as Staff-Officers can make time for, consistent with a just discharge of the other duties of the war devolving upon them, it cannot make short of the Corps visited which it is the purpose of a Staff-Officers' visit to bring about, and consequently, "hard goes," which ought to be the scenes of such soul-saving triumphs as lift the said Corps out of the category of "having times," remain pretty much at their old standard month after month.

The Challenge of the "Hardgoes."

Unfortunately these "hard goes" have, and do exist, some of them very near the Territorial Centre, too. If the smile is allowable they may be said to be the domain of Goltha's flaunting themselves in the face of God's Israel to declare our impotence to deal with them. But there is a divine Christ and a divine Christ and "Christ, the power of God in man." God has David in His Israel to-day, who are armed with Divine might to slay the giant.

The Chief Secretary's Battle Ground.

Known as a "hard go" is the Corps at Yorkville. Its hull is on an electrified Toronto, it has seen better days, and the enrolments have not been very numerous for some time. Its ordinary congregations, too, are very scanty. Upon this apparently unproductive soil the Chief Secretary chose to draw swords with the enemy. Staff-Captain Minnie, the District Officer, a man with a strong grasp of his work, had the arrangements in hand. The advertising consisted of the distribution of certain little invitation cards, having a programme of the meetings, and the ordinary local announcements. Nothing extravagant in the way of methods was used, but God the Holy Ghost was relied on to bless the proclamation of the old doctrine of man's ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

With the exception of one night, the Colonel was on the bridge at every meeting, and he was well sustained by the various members of Headquarters Staff throughout. Moreover, he commended his meetings the very night following the Field Commissioner's phenomenal battle there, and so got the benefit of the influences then generated.

The Meetings.

These were of the old-fashioned type. The songs were about Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, and the Blood of Jesus. The hymns were assisted by Mrs. Jacobs, and there was a specially good rally of Staff Officers' wives, but the Colonel was the central figure of the meetings, and on every occasion he delivered a straightforward, heart-searching and desperately earnest address to the sinners, meeting the natural excuses of the unconverted and demolishing them completely, leaving the unconverted nothing to stand upon in justification of their disobedience.

Victory Indicators.

What was the result? Almost past belief, especially in the matter of congregations. At the concluding meeting of the series, not only was the hall full below, but ninety people were occupying the gallery. To those who have known what Yorkville's congregations are, this is sufficient indication of what was accomplished so far as congregations go. Staff-Captain Minnie has, however, supplied me with some statistics, which will show those interested in "hard goes" what was done. Therefore, here is a just comparison for the eight days of the Campaign with a previous eight days in December:

Then, the indoor attendances num- bered	539
The Campaign's attendances num- bered	1250
Then, the financial	\$4.00
The Campaign reached	18.14
Then, the persons professing Salva- tion were	22
In the Campaign there were	22

IMPORTANT * NOTICE

TO
Officers and Soldiers.

A MATTER of vital importance to the Salvation Army in this Territory has, for a considerable time, been occupying the earnest attention of the Field Commissioner, her Chief Secretary, and other of her officers, both at Headquarters and on the Field, with whom the Commissioner has had opportunity to confer.

The S— of the L— is the Field Commissioner's own idea and has been hailed with enthusiastic delight by almost all who have been in attendance at the Commissioner's private councils.

While the Provincial Officers and District Officers are personally affected, there is a sense in which the S— of the L— will come peculiarly close home to our soldiers, and indeed it is upon the action of each individual soldier that the Commissioner bases her hope for the success of the S— of the L—, especially seeing the most important feature in the life of each local corps will be strongly effected by this new enterprise. Plans have been formulated. Miss Booth is in correspondence with Brigadier Margetts, Majors Howell, Friedrich, Bennett, Sharp, McMillan and Pugmire, and the War Cry of February 27th will be dedicated to the proclamation of this great undertaking, and may God's blessing and guidance be vouchsafed to it.

It now remains for us, each and all, both officers and soldiers, to give ourselves afresh for the war and BE READY to fall into line at the word of command, which will be sounded throughout the length and breadth of the Territory by means of next week's War Cry.



TREASURER MASON AND WIFE, Simcoe, Ont.

While eight of these latter were back-
sliders, what Staff-Captain Minnie calls "beautiful cases of conversion," while most of the remainder, we are hopeful, would, with wise and sym-
pathetic treatment, become good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

What About the Future?

Of course there will be a subsiding of interest to some extent now that the special campaign has closed, but the facts

remain, the influence is still felt, and the officers of the Corps, principally, devolves the responsibility of garner-
ing every good result achieved. Of course it is easy enough to let slip the good effects of any spiritual victory, but if in the spirit of the true shepherd of Christ's sheep the good results of the Campaign be cherished, there is little reason to doubt that Yorkville Corps will be placed on a far better footing than for some years previously.

JOHN COMPLIN.

Echoes from the Hub.

By J. C.

Mrs. Ensign Frazer has been a regular War Cry seller for eight years.

"Don't expect the crown without the cross."—The Field Commissioner.

"The coming S of the L, is ultimately a thing for the individual lighter."

Major Bennett is opening up on Larnmore, Lisbon, and other towns in North Dakota.

"Sin Chains Riven," the new Rescue pamphlet, is selling like hot-cakes in the West.

Violet, Major Read's little daughter, has fully recovered from her recent severe illness.

Ensign Schoel, the Grace Before Meat man, is going the City with a Magic Lantern Service.

"It behooves us all to give sympathy wherever an opportunity offers."—Field Commissioner.

Two Headquarters Officers are much interested in an event that takes place in Toronto during January.

Captain Sims, the East Ontario Grace Before Meat man, has been to Headquarters on business.

"The Grace Before Meat work is doing 'miraculously.' Over \$500 was received for this during January.

Mrs. Major Read, who visited Montreal recently, says there is a beautiful work being carried on at "Joe Boef's."

Hang the drum for ADJUTANT Dodd, of the Farm, promoted from Ensign. Congratulations, our worthy Comrade!

Captain and Mrs. Westcott, Valley City, N. D., have their Comrades' sympathy in the loss of their darling child.

Father and Mother Broadwell, of Kingsville, an outpost in West Ontario, collected \$50.00 from twenty-seven G. B. M. boxes last quarter.

Captain Montague, of the Lifeguard Woodyard, is a taller, and recently made a suit for himself, on which he says he saved several dollars.

Mrs. Major Read dedicated a child to God and the Army at Windsor, whose parents had been waiting a year for her to come and perform the ceremony.

Adjutant Hay, the Central Junior Soldier man, keeps the Junior War on the hop. Twenty-one Seniors and Juniors were saved in the Hamilton District during his visit.

Staff-Captain Bond, Assistant British War Cry Editor, is reckoning on a good "season" of copy from the new Social Annual, "Sin Chains Riven."

Major Collier, Chancellor of the North-West Province, is a blood-and-fire fellow, and now has a typewriter of the same style that writes in red ink.

Major Read has sufficiently recovered to attend for at least part of the day in his office at Headquarters. He is very bright and cheery. We hope he will yet recover completely.

Major and Mrs. Guskin were at Lisgar Street on Sunday. A good day. Magnificent day. Splendid crowd at night. One seeker in holiness meeting. Four Juniors and four adults at penitent-form at night.

Badges of honor, consisting of a button, a ribbon, with bars on it, according to the success of the individual, after the military custom, of decorating veterans from the war, will be a leading feature in the coming S—.

Some of our permanent friends in the East Dr. C. Fitz-Henry Carmichael, referring to the War Cry in a recent letter, says: "I think it is all that could be desired as an exponent of the principles animating, and the doctrine of the noble Brotherhood of Salvationists."

God bless our Officers' wives. Many of them are amongst our bravest. Mrs. Ensign Frazer has four children, one a baby seven months old; but notwithstanding her home cares and Corps duties, she devotes three hours every Saturday to selling the War Cry, and in that time disposes of from 117 to 132 per week.

Colonel Holland, our late Chief Secretary, who is responsible for the Social work of the Army throughout the United States, remarks in a recent letter to the Editor: "I am delighted beyond measure with what appears to be ahead of us in the Social direction." The Colonel, in the same letter, made reference to the Christmas Cry. These are his words: "It was simply past expressing. The cover especially is one of the best things I have ever seen of its kind. You really did a brilliant stroke. It is very highly recommended here."

"The power of a life for good is in the walk more than in the talk."

GAZETTE.

REFLECTIONS.

PROMOTIONS—

ENSIGN DODD, Farm Colony, to be Adjutant.
CAPTAIN ANDREWS, G. B. M. Agor, to be Ensign.
CAPTAIN ORCHARD, of Ingersoll, to be Ensign.
CAPTAIN HAYNOR, of Thessalon, to be Ensign.
CAPTAIN BRADY, of North Bay, to be Ensign.
LIEUTENANT GLASS, of North Bay, to be Captain.
LIEUTENANT MATTHEWS, of Galt, to be Captain.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

THE GENERAL CONGRATULATES US.

"This Territory's Self-Donal Total has astounded our Comrades far and near. Congratulations have poured in to the Commissioner, in the form of a cable from our dear General, who is specially delighted with the victory his Officers and Soldiers have by God's blessing won.

—10—

\$32,500 AND A BIT OVER.

Big as was the full total—\$32,500—there is still a little more to be added to it; instead of the figure given in last week's War Cry, West Ontario should have been credited with \$2,000, an increase of \$32.77 on the previous year. West Ontario is a famous fighting Province and deserves recognition for its courageous doings.

—10—

FIELD COMMISSIONER AT NEW YORK.

God has again recently owned the labors of our Commissioner in New York City. Lieutenant-Colonel French, Chief Divisional Officer for New York, in a message to the War Cry on Monday, February 28th, says:

"Commissioner Eva Booth enthusiastically received at Memorial Hall, New York, yesterday, a mighty outpour of the spirit, ebullience of salvation, overwhelming conviction. Commissioner's words fell like flaming swords into hearts of her auditors. Glorious scenes of salvation. Forty-five prisoners; crowds worshipping. Collections largest ever taken for Sunday meetings Memorial Hall, City."

We are delighted to hear the inspiring news and joining hearts and voices with our brethren across the border. We shout back a rousing "Hallelujah" for this victory and for the continued honors God confers vouchsafed to our leader, the Field Commissioner.

—10—

THE S — OF THE L —.

The Commissioner is now about to call the attention of her force to a matter of a very different nature to the Self-Donal Effort but one, the vital importance of which cannot be overstated, neither can it be paid to take second place in any other feature of the War Cry. On February 27th will contain full particulars on this momentous matter.

—10—

THE EIGHT DAYS CAMPAIGN AT YORKVILLE.

The Chief Secretary has won a victory by the blessing of God which is of greater significance than the general run of victories, and which should form an object lesson for Staff Officers throughout the Territory. He has demonstrated that in place renowned for its "hardness," the crowds can be got together and saved. Revival Campaigns of a week or ten days' duration should now become the order of the day, where there are people to be got at no "hard go" should stay "hard."

—10—

HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!

No words used are too strong to express the need of our famishing brethren in India. We sincerely hope, may we be confident that our Officers will fully present the claims of India, and specially our Comrades in India, to the prayerful and practical help of our congregations, so that a good round sum may be sent to India on behalf of the Salvation Army in this Territory.

The Arbitration Treaty Between England and the United States.

BY THE GENERAL.

(The General is running a series of articles in the London War Cry under the above heading. His remarks on the Arbitration Treaty between the United States and England will be read with special interest.—Ed.)

"THANKS to the Prince of Peace for the assurance, not only of Peace to-day, but for the good hope of Peace for ever between the English speaking communities throughout the world. Great Britain and America, admittedly two of the foremost nations of the earth, have set the worthy example of agreeing to submit any differences arising between them to the Arbitration of Reason, in preference to the Sword. Who is prepared to follow the example?"

Is this method, all but universally admitted to be the only rational and religious one for settling National quarrels, an impossibility for the States of Europe? If we cannot have the "Parliament of Man" the poets have sung about so long, surely we could have some sort of representative assembly that could amicably and authoritatively settle the difficulties arising between the civilized countries of the Old World, without letting loose "the Dogs of War." Then the smaller nations would be compelled to fall into line, on the principle that little boys are not allowed to fight by their elders. The hatchet of war could be buried; the lion and the lamb could lie down together; and throughout the world the proclamation might be made that war should be no more. Haste, happy day!"

Identical Interests.

So far as forms of Government and internal management, both in practice and principle go, England and America are far more alike than many people imagine, while the inspirations and aspirations of the two countries in Commerce, Civiliza-

tion, Science, and Religion are all but identical, and nothing but a positive misunderstanding, created by ignorance or misapprehension, could ever make a quarrel between them. I have had the privilege of laying my hand on the pulse of some of the best and most influential men of both countries, and I am satisfied that a correct knowledge of each other, combined with a united, generous purpose, could make the two nations while possessing every difference and distinction as at present, as much one in spirit and affection as are Scotland and England, or California and New York. Side by side they can march onward, leading the world in everything that is good and godly, finding their own unimpeded prosperity all along the track they travel, with a glorious reward at the finish.

A Natural Peace-maker.

What a magnificent position the United States occupies at the present moment for playing the part of Peace-maker! Beyond suspicion as to any ambitious or egoistic designs in Europe, Africa, or Asia—the three quarters of the globe—ought she not to be ready, ever, where difficulties arise between governments, to offer her good offices for the purposes of Arbitration, and that not only when asked, but when unsolicited?

"Their faces shone like—like Christians," said Dad Florence to the "Cry" man, referring to the Armenian mother and two grown-up daughters he had been taking to the depot en route for Philadelphia. "They tried to speak, poor things," continued Dad, "but they couldn't, of course—not in English. Mother prayed with them when they got in the car, and the tears stood in their eyes. They said 'Salvation Army good.' They put the emphasis on the 'good'—'go-o-o-o, Turk bad-bad.' When we stood on the platform watching them leave, I shouted 'Hallelujah' and the old Armenian lady shouted back 'Hallelujah.' I thought you might put it in the Cry to show how grateful they are. Unhappy people take to the Christians, and then they got enough about 'em to say 'Thank you,' but then Armenians ain't like that."

THE Commissioner AT NEW YORK.

50 Souls Rush to the Mory Seat—Record-Breaking Growth in Memorial Hall—Greetings of Love from American Comrades.

Field Commissioner's welcome New York tremendous. Sunday's crowded Memorial Hall amongst biggest ever seen. Commissioner wonderfully sustained, whilst with Divine Power she swayed mighty congregations. Souls rushed to the Mory Seat until fifty were recorded. It was a day of heaven's happiness, victory and glory. America delighted to hear of Canada's victories, and praise God. Officers and soldiers send greetings of love.

COLONEL HIGGINS,
Chief Secretary U.S. Forces.

VITALLY IMPORTANT — ALL EMBRACING, INVOLVING EVERY ARMY SOLDIER THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY S — OF THE L —. SEE NEXT WAR CRY.

GLEANINGS

From the Auxiliary Sheet of Correspondence.

I ENJOY very much the refreshing visits of "All the World." Through it passes the thoughtful reader and the man of the Harvest Field and the security of repose, but is very forcibly impressed with the sacrifice and courageous spirit manifested by Salvationists in the effort to glorify God.

"Enriched phase and Sub subscription for two years. I and in full sympathy with your grand work, and I pray God to bless you more and more. I believe in a practical work and you are doing it."

"I have only one aim, and that is to glorify God. May He bless you and your fellow officers whose lives for good are being felt in every direction."

"I would like you to forward me 'All the World' monthly. In my frequent trips to Halifax, I usually get quite a number of War Cries for distribution and would like to secure 'All the World.'"

"My wife and I send love towards the Indian Famine Fund, wishing you all the success possible in saving souls and in bringing the knowledge of the Love of God."

"As an Auxiliary member, I desire to wish you Godspeed in your great work for souls. I enclose order for \$10.00 for my renewal subscription, and live for the Indian Famine Fund. It seems so terrible that whilst we are living in comfort millions are perishing for want of food. May God's blessing attend all your efforts for the uplifting of His needy creatures."

"We have a Grace Before Meat box, and find it a great help. I spend 'All the World' as much as possible. I hope that through this year God may doubly bless your very good work."

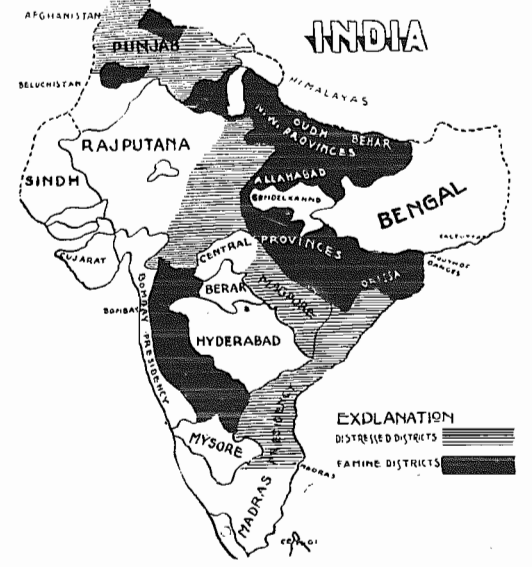
The Commissioner has received many beautiful replies to her Christmas letter to our Auxiliary members.

I am confident that the inspiring lines suggested by the Commissioner on her motto for 1907, "Truth and Trust will Triumph," will prove of real blessing to many, and the fact that they were written especially for our League members will help them to be doubly appreciated.

The W. U. T. C. at Hat Portage has chosen one of its members to represent the Society as an Auxiliary member, and in a letter enclosing the annual subscription, says: "We thank you abundantly for your Christmas work. We are a band of workers for the Master, and extend to you our sympathy. We shall be pleased to get any information of your work."

In reading the late Self-Donal "Cry," I noticed that at Mohot an Auxiliary collected no less than \$200. May God bless this very practical member of our League.

Since the beginning of the year we have added new members to our roll, but cannot help but wish that our friends and sympathizers all over the Territory would send us "Trust themselves with us" and thus by their influence and financial help participate in the glorious work of saving the lost. — Peace.



The area afflicted in British India is half a million square miles, and it far greater than in any previous famine. It is more than ten times the area of New York State, indeed, it is as extensive as the combined territory of the sixteenth Atlantic States from Maine to Florida, with Ohio and Michigan thrown in.

The population of the famine districts in round numbers is as follows:

Punjab.....	8,000,000
Northwest Provinces.....	25,000,000
Orissa.....	12,000,000
Bombay.....	15,000,000
Orissa.....	4,000,000
Central Provinces.....	5,000,000
Bombay.....	8,000,000
Madras.....	3,000,000
Total.....	91,000,000

The total population affected in 1876-77 was 50,000,000, in 1896-97, 47,500,000, and in 1906-07, 45,000,000.

Except in Southern India, Delatire, Bengal and Sindh, which regions are independent of the rainfall, distress is practically universal in India today, owing to the high prices for food stuffs.

What is worse, this is only the beginning of the suffering. The London Chronicle, from which the map reproduced, calls attention to the sombre fact that under any circumstances the existing scarcity must grow until the arrival of the southwest monsoon next June.

Martyrdom of the old blood-thirsty kind has come out of fashion, amongst civilized peoples anyway. Modern Christians mostly die in their beds.—The General.

THE GREAT INDIAN FAMINE.

On Sunday, February 21st, the Army will Pray and Raise Financial Supplies for the Famishing.

WILL YOU HELP?

HIS task of conveying to our comfortable citizens an adequate idea of what a widespread famine in India means is well-nigh impossible. Take one gruesome fact alone; who among our fifty thousand readers really understands that a mass of people, greater than the total populations of the United States and Canada, in number is at this moment

Fasting to Death for the Lack of Rice,

wasted to skeletons, wandering among parched fields, or from village to village in search of a meal—in thousands of cases, to die by the wayside, or contract an incurable disease, or lose their reason in a frenzy of despair?

In the language of the weeping prophet, we may well cry, "Oh I thou hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble," "work for Thy name's sake, O Lord, for our backslidings are many: We have sinned against Thee."

The cry of Jerusalem is gone up, And their nobles send their little ones to the waters.

They come to the pits and find no water.

They return with their vessels empty. They are ashamed and confounded and cover their heads,

Yes, the hind also in the field calveth, And forsaketh her young, Because there is no grass, And the wild asses stand on the bare heights.

They hunt for air like jackals, Their eyes fail, because there is no herbage.

When it is borne in mind that the ordinary lot of an Indian ryot, or land cultivator, is very much harder than that of the poorest casual laborer in this country, his present need must surely

Touch the Tenderest Chord of Human Pity.

His life is over-frighted with grievous burdens, in addition to being excessively taxed, the customs of his caste seldom, if ever, free him from the debts of his ill-used relatives. He is, consequently, ready prey for the unscrupulous money-lender. To meet the claims of his family and his creditors,

Everything which He Possesses is Mortgaged

up to the hilt—his land, his cows, implements of agriculture, hut, and often the very grain before it is ripe for the sickle.

Rarely is he blessed with sufficient capital to meet, in his case, the fatality day. True, the Government encourage him to open wells and store water against the time of famine; and where the bonds of amputation are being broken, and the blessings of the best form of civilization find their way, the Indian ryot can resist, for a season, the blight of famine and fight the plagues and pestilences of the country.



THE INDIAN FAMINE.—Relieving Starving Natives at a Residency.

But do not let us be led away from the plain and serious truth by reports of extended irrigation schemes, multifold water tanks, and village wells. These are the exception and not the rule. The Indian peasant lives

A Hand-to-Mouth Existence at the Best of Seasons.

Hence, when the dreaded famine—like a glittering, blazing spectre—approaches, and, day after day and week after week, he looks in vain for a cloud upon the torrid heavens, and turns, with fainting heart, to an empty well and the burning, baked fields all around him,

What is He to Do?

His little stock of grain is exhausted. The few rupees which he may have saved (?) soon disappear, for already the price of grain has risen to a prohibitive figure. He cannot borrow. Every rupee worth of property is mortgaged, and he is daily incurring a debt of interest on the interest which he cannot pay.

Then, as a rule, he has a large family. If he be the elder son, all the other brothers and sisters, with their wives and husbands and children, hang on to him. Diseases of the skin, eyes, bowels, and of the mind soon appear under such circumstances.

Again, we may ask, what is he to do? He may steal, and thus compel the Government to keep him, or he may apply to the Government for work; but then, it takes some courage to steal, and it is, besides, an act of adfulness which only the most degraded would resort to.

know, living at the present moment on about two dollars per week. They would most certainly die, but for the fact that they can procure from our Food Depot cheap meals ranging from one cent to eight cents.

The quarter loaf costs this family nine cents at present, but suppose a famine, equal in intensity to that now sweeping over India, laid hold of the neighborhood, where these poor people exist, one loaf would in that case cost them seventy-five cents, which is what this family pays at present for a room to live in, and constitutes one-half of their income.

The following rough illustration will show the contrast more clearly:

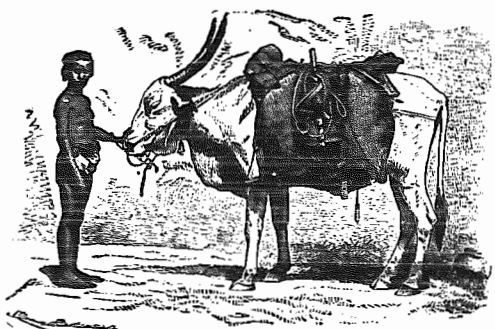
	THE ORDINARY LOAF.
THE FAMINE LOAF.	

It is, then, a case with many of our Indian fellow-creatures of certain ruin and probably slow death by starvation, unless food can be cheapened and brought within their reach.

What is Our Duty to India?

The above situation was brought before the British Staff Council held at Chanton last week, presided over by the General.

In Britain, Sunday, January 31st, was set apart as a Famine Sunday, for the purpose of invoking Divine help and consolation, placing the sad facts before our Soldiers and friends, and making an appeal, either during the day or on Sunday night, by means of a retiring collection.



Native Buffalo and Boy.

In the last famine hundreds of thousands perished. It behoves every religious agency, therefore, to do its part.

Let us hark back to the typical peasant whom we have in our minds. There are millions of him. Even if there were work for him, how is he to get at it? He is willing to work, but, alas! the energy even to crawl to a Government depot has long since departed from his body, and unless some one brings him relief, his children will, one by one, die of starvation, either at home, or as is often the case, by the wayside, munching the deadly roots of blistered herbs. His is a forlorn case, for, even if a bullock-wagon laden with grain comes to the door of his hut, the price required is beyond his resources, for the price is eight times more than the ordinary.

Now, what does this mean? Let us look at it. There is a family whom we

on behalf of our Indian Famine Fund.

We, in this Territory, must not be behind. Indeed, the people of this Continent are renowned for their sympathy with the suffering, wherever the suffering may be; it is, therefore, with every confidence we call our readers' attention to the Commissioner's decision as announced in his letter on India in last week's War Cry to dedicate Sunday, the 21st, to prayer, and the raising of financial supplies for the famine-stricken.

Our native Officers—brave, self-denying men and women—are at their wives' heels as to what to do. They have appealed to The General for counsel and help, pointing out, as we have already done, that there are thousands of famine-stricken families who are looking to them, and then alone, for one meal per day.

We dare not leave them to perish. In fact, we have peculiar advantages for



An Indian Village Scene.

helping them. Our Officers live amongst the natives, and therefore know the most deserving cases. They are also familiar with the sharp practices which vile men resort to in these times, and can thwart their tactics. Without proselyting them, our Officers can also administer relief in a way which will bring consolation, as well as physical comfort to these families.

The sum of \$500 is being sent weekly, from our International Headquarters, to India, to be spent for—

1. The outfitting of a Home for deserted and lost children.
2. The purchase and sale of grain at prices within the reach of families unable to work.
3. The building of Barracks and Schools for the relief of such as are able to work. (Several are now being put up).

By these and kindred measures we are in a position to accomplish two most gratifying results—(1) Keep a native alive on twopenny per week; and (2) do so without inflicting upon him the feeling that he has been pauperized in consequence.

A Fearful Danger.

The general situation throughout India, and in Bombay in particular, is very much aggravated by the disastrous plague now raging in Bombay.

Commissioner Howard, our Foreign Secretary, who, fortunately, has been in India for several weeks, thus describes the state of affairs there:

I know both the General and yourself will be interested in details of the Plague in Bombay. It certainly is the most serious blow which Bombay has had for many a long year, and it will be long before it gets back its position, unless the Plague is arrested with the hot weather, three or four months hence.

About two thousand deaths have taken place, and it is now going on at the rate of fifty deaths a day. The Plague has now got into the heart of Bombay least likely to be touched, and everybody is taking flight.

At least 250,000 of the population have left within the last two months, and all-outward trains are heavily laden with three specials, the natives are carrying the people, natives and Europeans, away from Bombay in all directions.

Poona is crowded, and likely to be still more so. It is hoped that in this exodus the Plague itself will not be carried to the villages to which the natives are flocking, or to other large towns.

I was in Bombay last night, and the station was crowded with hundreds upon hundreds of people bombarding the booking office for tickets and rushing to secure seats in a special train.

The first-sets are a deadly outlet in the evening compared with the usual condition, and in the streets of the native city men are walking about with swathing covers, bangles, and other self-protective materials "to drive the plague away."

The latest news confirms the gravest fears. Seventy-five out of a hundred in Bombay are at a standstill. In a few sections of the native town five thousand shops and several hundred private dwellings are shut owing to the prevailing famine. People die hourly in the streets, and great difficulty is experienced in getting the dead bodies removed. Not only has the Plague wrought consternation throughout British India, but the leading Egyptian and Mediterranean ports are all under quarantine restrictions, so that there will be considerable delay in the commerce between Europe and India.

(Cut this out and fill up).

OUR INDIAN FAMINE FOND.

Dear Commissioner:

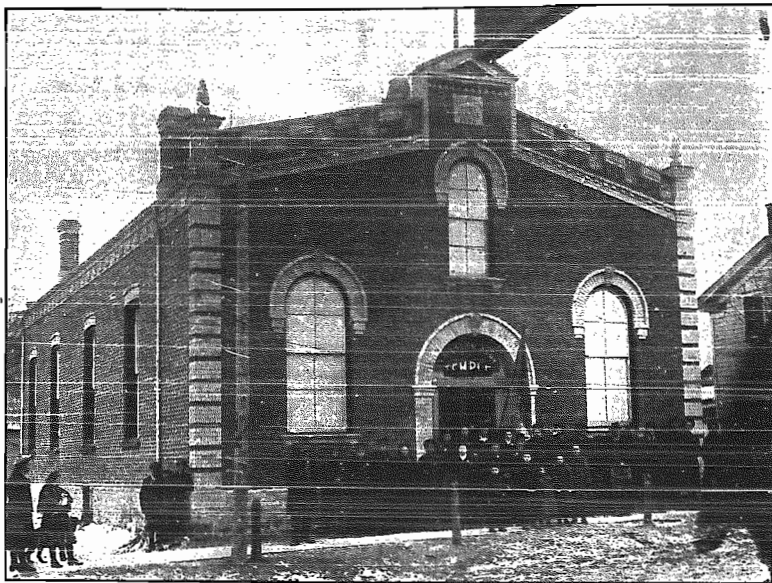
I have read the accounts of the terrible and distressing famine in India, and the thousands of people perishing, including men, women and children, and enclose the sum of \$—, to help forward this good work.

Name.....

Address.....

Remittances should be made payable to EVA BOOTH, Albert Street, Toronto. Stamps will also be accepted. Receipts will be sent, no matter how small the sum may be, the same day as they are received.

"We are not afraid of scars, nor of prison bolts and bars," sang Staff-Captain Minnie, at the Commissioner's Council. In front of Staff-Captain Minnie sat Staff-Captain Watson, with a face so serious that it was evident his mind was far away from the meeting. Note: Watson has "been there," and knows the reality of the thing. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW to give in, not even when the hand of the law grips his shoulder. That he is still "game" for whatever may be involved in standing by what he judges to be principle was evidenced by the alacrity with which he leaped to his feet when the chorus came on, and with fixed bayonet sung, "Then if a Soldier you would be, come along and go with me."



NEW BARRACKS RECENTLY BUILT AT SIMCOE.—One of the victories of the recent Three Months' Special Boom.

MARRIED AT MONTREAL.

Capt Botts and War Cry Sgt.-Major Symington Join Heart and Hand to Fight for Jesus.

Something unusual was to happen at Montreal L. on Thursday, January 28th; so of course there was an unusual crowd: the event being the wedding of two old Comrades, Captain Botts and War Cry Sergeant-Major Symington. Both of them have known a little (1) of the fight of the Army in its early days in this city.

The bride was supported by Captain Yerex, and the groom had the duties looked after by Sergeant-Major Colley. Ensign Ross read the Articles of Marriage, after which the Rev. Mr. Degruy led the knot. Then Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Symington had a few words, after which all who wished went to the "wedding feast," where the tables were laden with good things. The band discoursed sweet music. The Comrades pronounced it the "best yet."—F. R. B.

P. S., by M. G.:

Mr. Editor—"The 'bell' still hangs in No. 1. Barracks, Montreal. It need not be taken down as the end is not yet; our hands will be joined and hearts united under its shadow in the near future. May God bless them all!" United we stand.

(Sam Sorter & Co., and "Pry" (the Competition man), extend hearty congratulations, and will now look for an extra Boom in the War Cry at Montreal L.)

NEWSPAPERDOM.

The "Frederickton Farmer" says Major Pugmire is a fine speaker and singer, and has the closest attention of his audience.

The "Truro 'Daily News'" gives a report of Mrs. Major Jewett's farewell from Windsor. According to the report thirty people have confessed public conversion. Collections have improved, and the congregations more than double during the five months of Mrs. Jewett's command. At the farewell, the Rev. A. L. Goggin occupied the chair. There were also present Revs. Adams, Wood and Falconer, Secretary Moriarty, of the V. M. C. A., and several others.

Evidently the town Salvationists are rapidly increasing their fighting force. During the past week the meetings have been very largely attended. Five converts have been added to the roll, one on Saturday night, and four on Sunday night. This makes 35 for the month of January. A Bible Class for the benefit of converts will be held every Thursday evening—Newmarket "Advertiser."

HELP!

The Salvation Army shows its true Christian spirit, by always being so ready to stretch a helping hand toward the needy and fallen. They have taken an active part in helping the suffering Armenians, having brought a number of them to this country, and are doing their best to find employment for them. The Lord will bless them in their labor of love. Elmville "Chronicle." January 25, 1917.



CAPTAIN BETTS and SERGT.-MAJOR SYMINGTON.
Married at Montreal, January 28th, 1917.

Captain Dodge's photograph graces the front page of the Parry Sound "North Star," who says he is "always ready to speak a word of comfort or cheer to the sorrowing, pray with the sick or dying, or help the living to live better."

The "Orillia Packet" says Ensign Sooball preached in the Ardult Methodist Church on Sunday morning. It also announces that Major Howell is to dedicate new children in Army style.

Two unfortunate of a house of ill-repute have been burned to death at Itzehua, while the mistress of the house was severely frozen in escaping to a neighbor's house. The "Standard" contains the following:

"Miss Irvalde, Captain of the local branch of the Salvation Army, has shown herself a true follower of the 'Friend of sinners' in connection with this incident. With that practical Christianity for which the 'Army' is noted, she has brought the suffering woman to her own residence and is tenderly nursing her."

The Captain is a trained nurse.

EAST ONTARIO

PICTON reports eleven prisoners liberated from Satan's grasp on Sunday night, making fifteen for the week. The Captain danced for joy, and well she might.

Adjutant Mance and a Lieutenant have taken charge of MONTREAL II.

The Barracks was full and two souls saved at Adjutant Combs' welcome to MONTREAL I.

The East Ontario String Band have blessed the people of NAPANEE with their Salvation music. One soul saved.

Brothans are returning at GANNOQUE.

Captain Sims gave a Lantern service at PETERBORO to a good crowd. Adjutant Wiseman got the glory and skipped around the seats during the Sunday a.m. Holiness Meeting.

NEWPORT reports four souls and a visit from Adjutant Blackburn, and CUTCOCK one soul.

PERTH is having good times; four souls and a visit from Captain Sims.

An old man of eighty years, who got saved when he was seventy-three, is a Salvation warrior (also his wife) at CON-SISCON. Captain Coates recently visited there. One soul saved at TRENTON.

During Ensign's visit to POIT HOPE, two people knelt at the Cross. The Ensign organized the Band of Love at this Corps.

Good times at PEARCETON, too; one soul.

"Character building is bigger work than building railroads."

REWARDED.

JACKSON'S COVER.—Death has visited our ranks and taken one from Sergeant Pynn's family. As I visited him I asked him if he was afraid to die. His answer was "No, Jesus has taken away the fear of death. A good crowd came along to witness the Army funeral, something which has not taken place here before. Ginner got ready! Death is on your track. We are praying that the Lord will comfort and cheer the bereaved ones.—B. Clark, Lieutenant.

Uncle John Mitchell Promoted.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Our old colored friend, Uncle John Mitchell, has lately been laid away in his last resting place, and though we mourn, yet not as those who have no hope, for he left the testimony behind him that he had passed from death unto life. His house was always open to us for cottage meetings, and we have there enjoyed many blessed seasons of prayer and song. We pray that God will comfort the bereaved one in her deep sorrow.

SEBASTIAN MAJOR.

Blaise Clark Died Triumphant.

CARHONKIE, Nfld.—Once again Jordan had overcome the Danks. This time it has taken our Comrade, Blaise Clark. For two years or more our sister was a Soldier, and although for most of the time she was unable to attend the meetings, yet she was always contented and happy. I visited her several times during her last week on earth. Her testimony was, "I am only waiting for the call." On Wednesday evening, January 5th, the call came. In her last moments, when the waves were rising, she used to say, "Oh, the peace, the joy!"

On Friday evening we laid her away beneath the folds of the flag, and with bayonets fixed around the grave the Comrades sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."—Wm. Snow, Captain.

Mrs. Brown Goes to Heaven.

WESLEYVILLE, Nfld.—On Sunday, the 10th of January, we placed beneath the sod the body of our sister, Mrs. Brown. Some time ago she went by way to our penitential-form and got saved. We gave her an Army funeral. Her body is the first that has been placed in the Army's grave-yard at Wesleyville. She left a husband and little boy behind to mourn her loss. God bless them!

Captain England.

DIED IN INDIA.

ENSIGN PIEM DAS, (CARD) FORMERLY OF CANADA, AND WIFE PROMOTED TO THE NEW JERUSALEM FROM INDIA'S BURNING SANDS.



ENSIGN AND MRS. PIEM DAS.

India has once more suffered a keen loss, and two of her most faithful and self-sacrificing Officers have been called up higher. This time it is a dear couple, Ensign Piem Das (Card) and wife, who died on November 7th and 10th respectively, the former of small-pox and the latter of a prolonged malinal fever.

The Ensign and his wife arrived in India in 1890. The Ensign was a Canadian and was named and entered the force in Canada; whilst Mrs. Card (née Greck) came out of Bristol, where she was well-known and loved. They were married in 1891 and have behind them two young children.

Ensign Piem Das was a very energetic, lively, manly character, straightforward and energetic. Before he went out he proved himself willing to go to any extremes for promoting the Kingdom of God.

He started to learn the language on his way over, and he soon became fluent in Gujarati. In the course of his Indian career took part in several village corps, and no Officer could be more loved by his Soldiers than was he. They will still tell the story of his self-denying work while in their midst.

The Ensign went in for practical Christianity. He opened up for first

My eyes rose high as mountains, and threatened me with doom, And my poor soul was dark as night, my heart was filled with gloom; But they told me of the Saviour's feet for the vilest there was room— I went, and now I praise the Lord I'm pardoned.

I used to spend my money for that which was not bread, It emptied all my pockets and gave me a nailing head.

And of the coming judgment, oh, I had an awful dread, But things are very different now I'm pardoned.

A word to every sinner here I just would like to say, If you will but to Jesus come He'll take your sins away, And joy and peace and happiness shall be yours every day, Then you will sing with me—I'm glad I'm pardoned.

Gujarati Farm Colony, and did the rough pioneer work there—built the first houses, sank the first wells, living himself in very uncomfortable quarters, while he labored cheerfully on until the wild waste changed in appearance, and the poor began to reap the benefit of his labors.

The Ensign's appointments have been many and varied, and he did his best in them all. He superintended the opening of some ninety village schools, in which somewhere near two thousand Gujarati children have not only been taught to read and write, but in many cases have learned the way of Salvation.

His dear wife, Ensign Teji Bai, survived her husband but ten days; she was greatly used of God in her tours round India, collecting money for the Work. She was a faithful soul, a true Army-spirit Soldier and an earnest fighter for soul and God indeed used her to win many.

Their loss is an unspeakably great one to Gujarati and the Comrades' grief at the sudden call is too great for words.

The places on the Indian battle-field are also I am sure, but our need of men and women who count not their lives dear to them, great before, is greater than ever now. Who will go forth to take up the sword of glorified Piem Das and Teji Bai? Why?

English "War Cry."

A PITCHED BATTLE. DISPUTE NOT YET SETTLED. FLUSHED FACES. FLASHING EYES. WOUND WORDS. NO PROSPECT OF PEACE TILL ——— SING "CRY" FEBRUARY 2nd.

"The Advance," a private weekly for circulation amongst Central Ontario Officers, continues to arrive at the War Cry Office. The "Advertiser," issued by Brigadier Ansell, is the model thing of the kind, but the "Advance," in the preparation of which Chancellor Watson has a good hand, is coming on in good style.

"THE GREAT TERRITORIAL ——— IS CAUSING INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

PARDONED:

A Popular Song at the Territorial Headquarters.



LIGHT on the HOLINESS HIGHWAY.

"Obedience costs the human heart a higher price than any other virtue."

"How can I ever have seen the crucified Lord if the sight has not made me detect that which has slain the King of Glory."

"No words are strong enough to express the delusion of those who are content with a religion that is anything other than a deliverance from sinning."

We were Made for Holiness.

"Do not think about Holiness as a strange and exceptional thing. It is meant for every one of us, and it is the direct end and meaning of all that God has done for us and in us."

"We can find no dwelling-place, no home for our souls, wandering without any progress, going on and yet as far off as ever; a parched earth and a barren sky, with unbelief musing at the elbow and tugging at the heart-strings—religion is a melancholy failure this side of the Canaan life of Holiness."

A Canny Salvation.

"Holiness is very much a matter of aspect. We are cheered by beholding; therefore very much depends on the way in which we look."

Once in the happy month of May, I walked with a friend in his orchard, musing at the exquisite show of dainty blossoms, white and pink, the variegated petals of the apple and cherry, when we came toward the house, and near it stood a tree without blossom, every leaf blackened and withered.

"How is this?" I asked. "Ah," said my friend, "this faces the east—those all look south—[that makes the difference]."

Some people live looking within at their failures.

Some people live looking around at their hindrances.

Some people live looking up to the Saviour; they face the sunny South.

SORTER CO'S HINTS.

Dear Grandmother, don't write any more articles till we can see you; we have enough to fill ever so many War Cry, all writing; and tell Benjie that he MUST write plainer and briefer, writing on ONLY six lines, and must not try to out the stops and capital letters in the right place, you know.

Songs sent by the following musicians found in a waterbury, on account of being too faulty in various ways; Elvira Tilley Shaw; E. Crocker; J. A. Rogers; A. Bottrell; Joe Rogers; Ida Stitzer.

We advise you to get your songs to pass muster at your Com, and if they go with a very good swing, just swing it along to Sam. Cheer up, and try again. That's how we do.

J. V.—Well, well! Just as if we don't know a Sankay and Morday song when we see one! We suppose you don't try to make the following pass muster as original:

There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by, There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by.

If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue, Oh, the good we may all do, While the days are going by.

President Lim, a new Westmanster, B. C.—What! was the Young Soldier to light the fire? Never! Sell it, man; that's the proper use to put it to.

Lieutenant Pugh! Mrs. Hend's memorandum notes of Charlie's promotion foisted upon you.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that the devil is doing a great deal of harm by means of an infernal drug or chemical which, but accounts for in human food. He says, "I think if a victim is being continually larded with this infernal stuff it will cause him severe internal pain, mental derangement and perhaps end in suicide, unless he takes a good purgative or antidote." He also says that if you see a man with his face flushed unusually red or purple he is either a victim, duped or agent? Our correspondent does not give the name of this deadly drug, but we presume it is the same often referred to as "Bell," "Hentley," "Nreck-ol," "John Barleycorn," "Tus," "Guzzle," "Achenol," and so on. Beware!

The New York "Journal" makes a big point of the Salvation Army's co-operation with it in housing the destitute of New York City during the especially inclement weather recently. In big type it intones that "the Army has taken 3,560 destitute; warm sleeping places all over the city thrown open. No red tape is attached."

Sound and Healthy Reading.



BOOKS BY THE LATE MRS. BOOTH:

Popular Christianity, Cloth.....	60c.
Practical Religion, Cloth.....	60c.
Aggressive Christianity, Cloth.....	60c.
Godliness, Cloth.....	60c.
Life and Death, Cloth.....	60c.
The Salvation Army in Relation to Church and State.....	35c.

BOOKS BY THE GENERAL:

In Darkest England, cloth.....	\$1.00
In Darkest England, paper.....	50
Training of Children, limp-cloth.....	65
Salvation Soldiers, cloth.....	60
The General's Letters, cloth.....	50
The General's Letters, paper.....	35



MISCELLANEOUS:

Life of General Booth, stiff cloth.....	15c.
Life of Isaac Marsden, cloth.....	40c.
Life of Robert Moffat, cloth.....	40c.
Life of John Wesley, cloth.....	50c.
Life of C. Finney, cloth.....	60c.
Life of Wm. Carey, cloth.....	40c.
Life of Thos. Conke, cloth.....	40c.
Life of Henry Martyn, cloth.....	40c.
Life of John Nelson, cloth.....	25c.

THE C. P.

Central Siftings.

Major Howell is on a two-weeks' tour up North.

Adjutant and Mrs. Moore have charge of Riverside.

Six applications for the work in the last two weeks.

Adjutant Hay is now on tour through the Hamilton District.

Hamilton, St. Catharines, Tempe, Fenelon Falls, Barrie, have had good enrolments of soldiers recently.

Captain and Mrs. Lacey, go to the Hamilton District. Captain, Brindley, Assistant Adjutant Hyers, Captain McIntyre takes charge of the Coal and Wood Office, Toronto Shelter.

Ensign Seohell, the Grace Before Meat Agent, is pushing G. B. M. Work in the Central line. He has with him the phonograph. You may hear songs, speeches by the Commissioner, an escaped Artillery's song, with violin accompaniment, etc.

A great work is going on among the Indians of BIRCH ISLAND and WHITE FISH, fourteen souls recently being converted.

Ensign Seohell and "Little Jamie," with the Lantern Service, has been to FENELON FALLS. The Corps visited Silver Lake. At a farm-house where supper was prepared, a young man got saved, to his mother's delight.

A kind friend at LITTLE CURRENT loaned the Officers a horse and cutter for the winter. On a Monday they drove to Buckler Creek in snow-storm, and got three people saved.

The well-known Irishman, Captain Wm. Lewis, is now in his element, having been appointed to RICHMOND, STIRLING Corps, where Shooting Jimmy and Sergeant Medlock (who sold 190 Cry's weekly) make things hum. One real Sunday, when Lieutenant Richardson forwarded for Stroud.

We are extremely sorry to have to curtain "Longfellow's" well-written reports of Riverside's doings. At the installation of Adjutant Moore, seventy soldiers and intimate friends sat down to a welcome. "Live, pray, work and give for souls" was the adjutant's motto for the year. Captain Richmond, who has been supplying for some time, commissioned Geo. H. Seeks Sergeant-Major. He is in "old" "Crusade" in S. A. war, having spent twelve years in the ranks; he also fought the Indians in the last North-West rebellion.

Thirteen people have been converted at Ottawa since the last three months, all doing well. They have a good little band, and a minister told his congregation that his music was an inspiration to him one night as he sat in his study, feeling somewhat downcast. Captain Young is evidently a hustler.

Yorkville is having visitors, so says Lieutenant Patton.

COLLINGWOOD.

We have just been here one month, and during that time sixteen sinners have been saved. Hallelujah! To God be all the glory.—Captain and Mrs. Wynn.

ST. CATHARINES.

Hallelujah! God is with us. Enrolled nine soldiers at Adjutant McLean's visit. Capt. and Mrs. Wynn, who have a generous heart has watched long pasturing years for the wanderers' return, until death in pity has hushed their broken sobs into a long last sleep. After the erring doers of such God has compelled our hearts to hasten and has privileged us to whisper loving words while we have pointed to the opportunity of escape held out to them. True, all have not had the advantage of associated love and prayers to shield them from the world's bitter blasts, but surely if cradled in drink and nursed in the haunts of impurity they commiserate if possible, a deeper sympathy and a tenderer hand to induce them to leave the thorny paths their feet have trod and to seek them from its consequent weal. See Article by Field Commissioner in "Sin Chains Riven."

TEMPLE.

At the last Sergeant's meeting held by Adjutant Burdette, great interest was shown by all Local Officers. On Sunday one man testified to being saved who has spent 12 years in prison for different offences. Captain "Peacock" begged for money to send a War Cry to the Prison and Jail, and got \$2.00 in a short time.

F. Zurichor, Htz. Cor.

BARRIE DISTRICT.

Adjutant Hughes, the District Officer, says the resurrection bugle has sounded in NEW RIVER, where the work has not been down to rock bottom, but the

stems has been rolled away and the place is coming to the front fast. They have twenty recruits to enroll. Crowds great and nine souls for the week.

ATROLIA is coming on fine. Captain Brant and Lieutenant Hesse are having things. Crowds good and nine souls for the week-end here also.

COLLINGWOOD.—Five souls. Captain and Mrs. Wynn, old hands at the light, will make it move, as also will Captain Slater at STIRLING, who reports two souls.

BARRIE comes in with flying colours: over seven souls for the week-end; Crowds, interest and knee-drills increasing, though behind Newmarket in knee-drills.



Old Tomer wants to take a quiet drink.—"What! that Army drum again? Can a man NEVER take a quiet drink even in his own house without being alarmed by those noisy 'drummers'?"

Army drum.—"Boom, boom, boom."

HEALTH AND HOME.

We are informed: That a full meal should never be eaten when badly exhausted.

That a few drops of camphor put into the water when bathing the face will prevent the skin from itching.

That a hot bath, if taken frequently, will keep the skin in an excellent condition, and is also an unfailing cure for warts.

That a foul breath may be sweetened by a simple mouth-wash of crystal manganese of potash, in a tumblerful of water. That a tooth which may be cured by pulling the tongue several times a minute, keeping it outside the mouth, and then letting it slip back again.

That house-work, sweeping, dusting and other innumerable duties necessary to keep things in order about a house, are best done when the hands are as well as excellent for the complexion.

That a froth jar with a defective cover may be made airtight by putting a little putty between the cover and rubber, remembering to press the putty in around the crevice as soon as the top is screwed down as tightly as possible.—Good Housekeeping.

Have they not all—even the most hardened, even somebody's loved ones? Some mother's hands have been laid upon the infant heads—some mother's tears have bedewed the baby-face—some mother has clasped the clinging fingers as her heart has yearned with passionate longing for the welfare of her child. Alas! how many a mother's hungry eye and eager heart has watched long pasturing years for the wanderers' return, until death in pity has hushed their broken sobs into a long last sleep. After the erring doers of such God has compelled our hearts to hasten and has privileged us to whisper loving words while we have pointed to the opportunity of escape held out to them. True, all have not had the advantage of associated love and prayers to shield them from the world's bitter blasts, but surely if cradled in drink and nursed in the haunts of impurity they commiserate if possible, a deeper sympathy and a tenderer hand to induce them to leave the thorny paths their feet have trod and to seek them from its consequent weal. See Article by Field Commissioner in "Sin Chains Riven."

THE — IS TO BE THE MOST SWEETING IN ITS EFFECT OF ANYTHING IN RECENT HISTORY.



VERY SPECIAL TO BOOMERS.

London Lights Lead.

CAPS OFF TO CAPTAIN MOULTON.
YOUR OBEDIENCE TO CAPT. M'INTYRE.

New Names Appearing Hotel Boomers Wanted—Field Officers to the Front The Cry Speaks Out Plainly.

"Sound the battery."
See the fur is high;
Raise your voices high
For the Lord."

CAPT. MOULTON, LONDON..... 225
CAPT. M'INTYRE, HALIFAX I..... 220
LIEUT. MUMFORD, LONDON..... 190
KENNETH DUNSCOMBE, HAMILTON, BERMDA..... 182
ALICE HENDERSON, OHAWA (av. 2 weeks)..... 116

CAPT. LOTT, SUDBURY..... 116
Capt. French, Ottawa (av. 2 weeks)..... 110
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III..... 111
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C..... 109
Lieut. Corbin, Charlottetown, Ont..... 108
Sergt. Charles Brown, Hamilton I., Ont..... 109
Fred Bell, Hamilton, (Ber.)..... 106
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont..... 99
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C..... 99
Lieut. (please give name) Victoria, B. C..... 95
Carrie McQueen, Windsor, Ont..... 85
Aggie McLean, Stratford..... 85
Jemima Bloss, Cornwall..... 75
Capt. Prince, Charlottetown..... 75
S.-M. Law, New Glasgow..... 72
Helen Harwood, London..... 70
Capt. Mrs. Thompson, Dartmouth..... 70
Sister J. Love, Seabrook..... 69
Capt. Mrs. Wynn, Collingwood..... 56
Sister Butts, London..... 55
Capt. Mrs. Fisher, Goderich..... 55
Lieut. Miller, St. John (av. 2 weeks)..... 52
Lieut. Briggs, Woodstock, Ont..... 51
Sergt. Barker, Kingston..... 51
Sister Burton, Kingston..... 50
Lieut. P. Hatzke, Goderich..... 50
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich..... 50
Capt. Whelan, Wallaceburg, (av. 2 wks)..... 46
Adj. Mrs. Creighton, Halifax I..... 45
Ensign Vale, Miles City..... 45
Lieut. Hickey, Westville..... 46
Mrs. Yake, Ottawa..... 46
Sister Simon, Kingston..... 45
Sergt. J. Brander, Fargo, N. D..... 41
Capt. A. Gamble, Westville..... 41
Adj. W. Fisher, Goderich..... 41
Lieut. Hazan, Miles City..... 37
Lieut. Peacock, Stratford..... 37
Capt. McTearney, Windsor, Ont..... 36
Father Dixon, Tempe..... 36
Capt. Clarke, New Glasgow..... 35
Sergt. Mrs. Collins, St. John V..... 35
Sister Norbury, Kingston..... 35
Lieut. Muscov, Stratford..... 35
Sister Van Pelt, Fargo, N. D..... 31
Lieut. de Wolf, St. John V..... 31
Ensign Kerr, Ottawa..... 31
Miss Masterton, Windsor, Ont..... 30
Capt. C. Stinger, Cobleskill..... 30
Lieut. McFarlane, Cobleskill..... 30
Mabel Clark, St. Thomas..... 31
Lieut. Hickey, St. Thomas..... 31
Sister Strong, London..... 30
Fred Palmer, London..... 30
Sergt. Curnew, New Glasgow..... 30
Lieut. McLeod, Fenton N. S..... 30
Capt. A. Bradbury, Melton N. S..... 30
Bro. Mattice, Cornwall..... 29
Lieut. Smith, John H. I..... 29
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll..... 29
Miss Mortimer, Victoria..... 27
Capt. Mrs. Clark, Drayton..... 25
Sister V. Meyer, Ingersoll..... 25
Bro. Douglas, Cornwall..... 25
Sergt. Barles, New Glasgow..... 25
Sister Mrs. Crook, New Glasgow..... 25
Sister D. Wallace, Dartmouth..... 25
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I. (Ont)..... 25
Sister McKenna, Hamilton I. (Ber.)..... 24
Beatrice Smith, Hamilton (Ber.)..... 24
Bro. Vallis, Hamilton, (Ber.)..... 24
S.-M. Linden, New Glasgow..... 24
Sergt. Norfolk, London..... 22
Sergt. Collins, Halifax I..... 21
Capt. Curry, St. John III..... 20
Wm. Lumsden, St. John III..... 20
Annie Nugent, St. John III..... 20
Hannah Daniels, Hamilton I..... 20
Annie Mitchell, Hamilton I..... 20

Geo. Stanton, Hamilton I..... 20
Mr. G. Johnson, Newcastle..... 20
J. S. S.-M. Glasgow, New Glasgow..... 20
Sister Hacker, Cornwall..... 20
Sister Miller, Cornwall..... 20
Treas. Copp, Seabrook..... 20

Let it be distinctly understood, remembered and not forgotten, that the Newfoundlanders know just how to boom the "Cry." Prove it, do you say? Right you are! Captain Moulton, of London, Ont., though he is a man, takes the top place this week, because Captain McIntyre and all other boomers. Write and ask him how he sold 225 "Crys," and he will doubtless give you a few pointers.

Captain McIntyre follows hard on. He must have, however, if he would get ahead of Comrade Moulton. Then Lieutenant Mumford, of London, has surely caught the Boom fever from Captain Moulton. He has sold 200 a splendid victory. Bermuda drops down in the list this week, taking fourth place. Captain Lott, of Sudbury, let me welcome you into the favored SIX. Good for Sudbury! And Alice Henderson is all there. It really speaks well for the Field Officers, the fact that four of them stand at the very top of the Boomers' list.

Ho, ye boomers, see the Champions on the Devil's track!
Moulton, Mumford, Lott and Dunscombe, Henderson and Mae.

Chorus.

Cheer them on in tall so noble,
Pray for their success;
That their zeal may never waver,
Nor their ardor less.

Sing the above to the tune of "Hold the Fort."

There are many interesting little things have happened worthy of note in this column. How the boomers who sell the "Cry" in saloons? There is a general silence in this matter during the past week. "No war" in the saloons? It will not mean much extra mouth for those who resort Boomers' names to say in their post-card or letter. How the boomers who sell the "Cry" in saloons? It will not mean much extra mouth for those who resort Boomers' names to say in their post-card or letter. How the boomers who sell the "Cry" in saloons? It will not mean much extra mouth for those who resort Boomers' names to say in their post-card or letter.

That Victoria Lieutenant still seems ashamed of his or her name. Why, I do not know. Guess I'll drop it out altogether, week by week, till it is not used by Mrs. Law. By the way, there is another one beats the Eastern one. Now, New Glasgow, there is a race—Angie McLean of Stratford, loves her work, as does Jennie Bloss, of Cornwall, and Carrie McQueen, of Windsor, Ont. They tribute must be given to the wives of certain Field Officers. God bless them! With all their home duties, they do not forget the "Cry." How many of them are their names? See the above list.

Hamilton I. evidently possesses some "brims," and Sergeant Currie has sold 100. Hurray! The Ambitious City is to the fore these days. Their five boomers sold 135 "Crys."—Adjutant T. Slanyon, of Kingston, is doing in sending in the list of his "Cry" pushers.—When I come to London I must acquaint. How many do you see? No! Eight boomers got rid of no less than 21 copies in one week.

"That is where you'll find them, Boomers strong and true,
Pushing the War Cry miles
In hospitals and jails;
That is where you'll find them,
In London, Chicago, and New York,
Gaily booming copies everywhere."

Sing the above to "This is where you'll find us."

FACTS

24 sold by Halifax sellers last week.
Ensign Fugh gets a move-on at New-castle.

25 sold by Boomers in New Glasgow, St. John III. Comrades sold 20.

302 sold in Hamilton, Bermuda.

Captain Annie Bradbury is all there. The "Imperial" boomers sold 53.

10 sold by Cornwall boomers.
Charlottetown is a "boomtown" town. Goderich has a "War Cry" S.-M. now. Kingston Boomers sold 192 in one week. Well done, Stratford!

Improvement is the word all round, "Excelsior" the cry;
Let love for booming ever abound,
And please DO pray for "THEY."

BLESSED SINGING.

Let Every Soldier Take Hold of God
While we Sing.

Holliness

"Faithful and just . . . to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Tunes.—Grimsby; Auld Lang Syne; Nativity, B. J., 147; Three little ships on the sea.

1 Come, oh my God, the promise seal,
And all with Thee; love;
Now in my waiting soul reveal,
Thy Kingdom from above.

I want Thy life, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,
To be redeemed from sin.

For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out;
Thou wilt in me Thy power display,
I can no longer doubt.

Let anger, sloth, desire and pride
This moment be subdued;
Be purged in the Atoning Tide,
Of my Redeemer's blood.

Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour Thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.

"Thy done, Thou dost this moment save—
With all Salvation's treasure;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
A spotless love and peace."

—10—

No More Flinging.

Tunes.—Saints of God, lift up your voices,
B. J., 7; Oh, how He loves, B. J.,
95; One there above all others.

2 Oh, my heart is full of gladness,
Jesus is mine!
He has changed to joy my sadness,
Jesus is mine!
While His face on me doth shine,
Helping, guiding, cheering, blessing,
Such a wonderful friend possesses,
How can I pine?

This the cause of all my singing,
Jesus is mine!
Music in my heart is ringing,
Jesus is mine!
Straight before me runs the line,
On go His footstep-treading,
While He's near no danger dreading,
How can I pine?

Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
Try, sinners, try!
More than all sinners' joys He's precious,
Try, sinners, try!
Tell Him you are very rich,
Tell Him now your sin and sorrow—
Now, this moment, not to-morrow,
Cry, sinners, cry!

R. T.

—10—

Salvation

Tunes.—Culcutin, B. J., 29; Bread of
Heaven, B. J., 207; Blessed Jesus, B. J.,
45; Guide me, great Jehovah, B. J.,
121; Helmsley, B. J., 147.

3 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able!
He is willing; grace implore.

Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ever grace and favour brings you nigh.
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never rise at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

The average term of the existence of a girl on the streets of London, or in any of our great Cities, will be very short, the majority dying under the most agonizing conditions somewhere about the age of 21. The bodies of these women are as they are offered up on the Altar which Lust has erected in the Temple of Debauchery as though they were actually taken into a building set apart for the purpose, and after being employed for a certain period in the practice of every conceivable unclean and immoral orgie, they were burned, stabbed, or slain on the Turkish-Armenian model, or after having been sacrificed to the Heathen gods by Ravage Trihos.—The General, in "Sin Chinese River."

THE WAR CRY.

FEBRUARY 20th.

"MOSES AND MIRIAM."

Exodus xv.

Moses' Song.

After the glorious deliverance which God had given them, a glorious song of thanksgiving rose from the leader's soul, in which the whole throng gladly joined. Their fears had been removed, and their strong faith had not been without foundation. The Lord had triumphed gloriously over every device set on foot to oppress and afflict them. Each successive time that Pharaoh "had hardened his heart," only brought heavier judgments upon himself and his people, and when he certainly had determined to destroy them all, the hand of God destroyed the destroyer, and turned what would have been defeat and death into life and victory. They had indeed a great deal to praise God in song for.

"The Lord is a Man of War."

Moses had said only the day before that the Lord would fight for them, and he not only did it then, but on more occasions, as—Deut. i., 20, 11, 22; Joshua v., 14 and 42.

"Thou Shalt Blow with the Wind."

God uses means to execute His will and He is never at a loss to find means. Every element is at His disposal. The wind will blow, the rain descend, the fire come down or the lightning strike. The wind was the means employed—first making a path in the trackless sea as a way of escape for His suffering people, then causing total destruction to their enemies. Often God uses the same means to destroy and to bless.

"Thou Shalt Bring Them In."

By the eye of faith Moses saw the Promised Land—saw even the overthrow of their enemies. As soon as he notices how Moses' faith had grown since the day when he had doubted God's ability to sit him for his great mission. Those who put themselves under His leadings and doubts into the hands of God may become mighty in the faith that triumphs over all dangers and discouragement.

Miriam.

Miriam must have been a very old woman by this time. She was probably 90 years of age, but her four sons were beating her timbrel and leading in a holy dance before the Lord. She had shared her parent's care in finding a hiding-place for her little ones, and she was anxious when he was placed amongst the burthened, shared, too, their joy when he was taken by Pharaoh's daughter, and when his mother was able to look after his babyhood after all, and she had shared in the sorrows and afflictions that followed, and he had been rich to lead these welcome refugees.

"The Waters of Marah."

Three days without water. They would be very anxious to get some, and imagine their dismay when they found it unfit to drink. But it was food and unreasonable of them to complain against Moses and to doubt the God who had so far upheld them. Moses was helpless in himself, but he turned to his never-failing Helper and a remedy was found.

The Statute.

It is here that God has passed by their murmurings without notice, and now He makes known His will concerning them. His goodness is beautifully manifested in His not reckoning against them their bitter speeches and their complete destruction of his well-thought sufferings, circumstances and fears—but He has proved Himself completely Deliverer out of Egypt at the hands of the Egyptians. He gently and lovingly pointed out to them the danger, and He told them that none of the diseases that came upon the Egyptians should come upon them if they hearkened diligently unto His voice.

Just so our Heavenly Father may forgive the sins of ignorance in us, but persisting in sin after we have been proved His great salvation will bring awful disease into our soul. Obedience, wholehearted and unwavering, will bring us into the spiritual Canaan of the blessing of a clean heart.

Questions.

What strong reasons had Moses and the children of Israel for singing?
Upon what other occasions did the Lord lead His people for song?

How does God often use the same instrument both to save and to destroy?
What is the danger of doubting the great change which had taken place in Moses and what was the change?

Who was Miriam?

What kind of sin always rears their own consequences?
Memory Text

"The Lord is my strength and song."

Coming Events.

MRS. MAJOR READ'S TOUR.

Battle, Feb. 15th to 21st; Missoula, 22nd to 23rd; Spokane, 24th to 25th.

J. S. Secretary's Appointments in the

Central Ontario Province.
Collingwood, Feb. 15th, 20th; Owen Sound, 22nd and 23rd; Wilmot, 24th; Chesley, 25th and 26th; Feversham, 27th and 28th; Orangeville, March 1st and 2nd; Brantford, 3rd and 4th; Dovercourt, 5th; Bowery, 6th and 7th.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENBIGN SCOBELL (with the wonderful talking machine) will visit Newmarket, Feb. 22nd; Orillia, 23rd; Gravenhurst, 24th; Bracebridge, 25th, 26th; Huntsville, 27th, 28th; Ennisdale, March 1st; North Bay, 2nd; Sudbury, 3rd; Stouville, 4th; Coppercliff, 5th; Sudbury, 6th, 7th; North Bay, 8th.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS (with Lanterns) will visit Port Hope, Feb. 20th, 21st; Cobourg, 22nd; Brantford, 23rd; Trenton, 24th; Belleville, 25th; Bloomfield, 26th; Picton, 27th, 28th; Deseronto, March 1st; Nanadino, 2nd; Oshawa, 3rd; Kingston, 4th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENBIGN MACKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit: Carberry, Feb. 23rd, 24th, 25th; Fort, 26th, 27th; Winnipeg, 28th, 29th; Selkirk, 27th, 28th, March 1st; Fort Arthur, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th; Fort William, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENBIGN PERRY (with Lantern) will visit St. John, Feb. 20th; Fairville, 21st; Carleton Place, 22nd; Kingston, 23rd; Clark's Harbor, March 4th; West Head, 5th; Yarmouth, 6th, 7th; Digby, 8th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN ANDREWS (with Lantern) will visit: Stratford, Feb. 21; London, 22; St. Mary's, 23rd; Stratford, 24th; Mitchell, 25th; Seaforth, 26th; Windsor, 27th, 28th; Goderich, March 1st; Clinton, 2nd; Wingham, 3rd; Teeswater, 4th; Brussels, 5th; L'Estroff, 6th, 7th; Palmerston, 8th.

TRADE NOTES.

The Trade is rising for God and in the interests of His Kingdom.

It will be to your advantage to deal with us if you want good value for your money.

The Trade Secretary and Assistant Trade Secretary are both well saved and can enjoy a good Holiday meeting.

You will find us obliging if you give us a try.

The Musical Clocks have arrived. See the Trade Advertisement.

The English Tailoring goods are A. 1, and we defy competition.

"God is our refuge and strength and a very present help in time of need."

Captain Stolliker, of the Trade Department, has been very sick, and is still far from well.

The Trade congratulates Ensign Nellie Griffiths on her worthy promotion. She is an old Trade hand.

We are rising in the Trade, and "God is for us."

Do you study your best interests when buying? If we cannot give you better value than any other firm in the Territory, we will refund your money every time.

The ten-cent Song-Book has run out, and we shall have them printed again in a week or two.

Major Sharp has a Trade Depot at Kingston, and a branch Depot at Ottawa. He also is starting out a Trade Agent.

If you want samples of our new English goods, and have not received the same, drop us a post-card.

A card to hand to-day from Ensign Miller reads as follows: "Thanks for specimens; I will send them."

The Jubilee Tea is A. 1, and can't be beat for the money. Do you ask where it can be procured? See Trade Advertisement.

A TRADE HAND.

WHICH is most evident in my experience—the law of the Spirit of Life which is in Christ Jesus, or "the law of sin and death working in my members?"

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 150 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

A reasonable send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—10—

1556. MRS. JAMES KNOCKS. Last heard from was living 1878 Seneca Street, Buffalo. Any one knowing of her whereabouts, please write "Enquiry," Toronto. Mother enquires.

1557. MRS. ROBERT HUMFORD. Last heard from at St. Catharines. Any one knowing of her whereabouts, write "Enquiry," Toronto.

1558. J. RICHARD LANE, of Toronto. Has been working in Dickinson Street, Hamilton, would like to know of his whereabouts.

1559. JOHN and FRANK GAYNER. Ages between 60 and 80. Came from Ireland to New York 30 years ago, with one brother and sister; separated from them at Toronto, Ont., about 45 years ago; not seen since. Address, supposed to be in the Western States. Please communicate with "Enquiry," Toronto. Address D. W. Newcombe, Thamesville, Ont.

1560. ARTHUR LITTLE. Age, 30 years; dark eyes and dark complexion. Left his home in Lunenburg, about 10 years ago; not heard from since. His mother would like to hear of him whereabout. Address, Mrs. Joseph Jung, Care Herbert Morris, Lunenburg, N. S.

1561. NEIL AUGUST GILLIES. Supposed to be from London, Ontario. Age, 24; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; dark eyes and dark curly hair; slightly astigmat. Any one knowing of his whereabouts, address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1562. JACOB HATTEN. Black hair; dark eyes. Left Kingston, Ont., ten years ago. Last heard from two years ago. Was then working in Dickinson Street, 18 & 19, Importers Portland's cement, 18 & 19, 26 Market Street, Chicago. Father enquires. Address, John Hatten, 41 Gerard Street East, Toronto. American Crya please copy.

1564. JAMES E. GOFF. Age, 31; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; dark complexion. Left Minneapolis, August, '81. Last heard of in Idaho Falls, June, '85. May be in California. Father, F. Goff, enquires. Address, 20 Melbourne.

1565. BERT BOUCHER. Last heard of was in Ashland, West Coast Cant. Sydney Boucher enquires. Address, Chatham, N. S. American Crya please copy.

1566. MAGGIE HOUNSON. Was once a Soldier in the Salvation Army at Guelph. Mrs. Houston and Sister are enquiring for her from her.

1567. DANIEL GAHANAY of Cork, Ireland, with his wife, died at Bermuda in 1853. He was a soldier in the 56th Regt. Any one knowing of his relatives are still living they will oblige by communicating with his surviving daughter, Mrs. Mary Ann Bell, St. George's, Bermuda.

1568. BALMORAL FORD. A bandman in some Salvation Army Corps in Canada. His brother, a bandman in the Grenadier Guards, is anxious to communicate with him. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1569. THOMAS LEVERINGTON. Ex Salvation Army Captain. Left his wife at Dayton, Ohio. His brother William is very anxious to know of his whereabouts. Address, "Enquiry," Toronto.

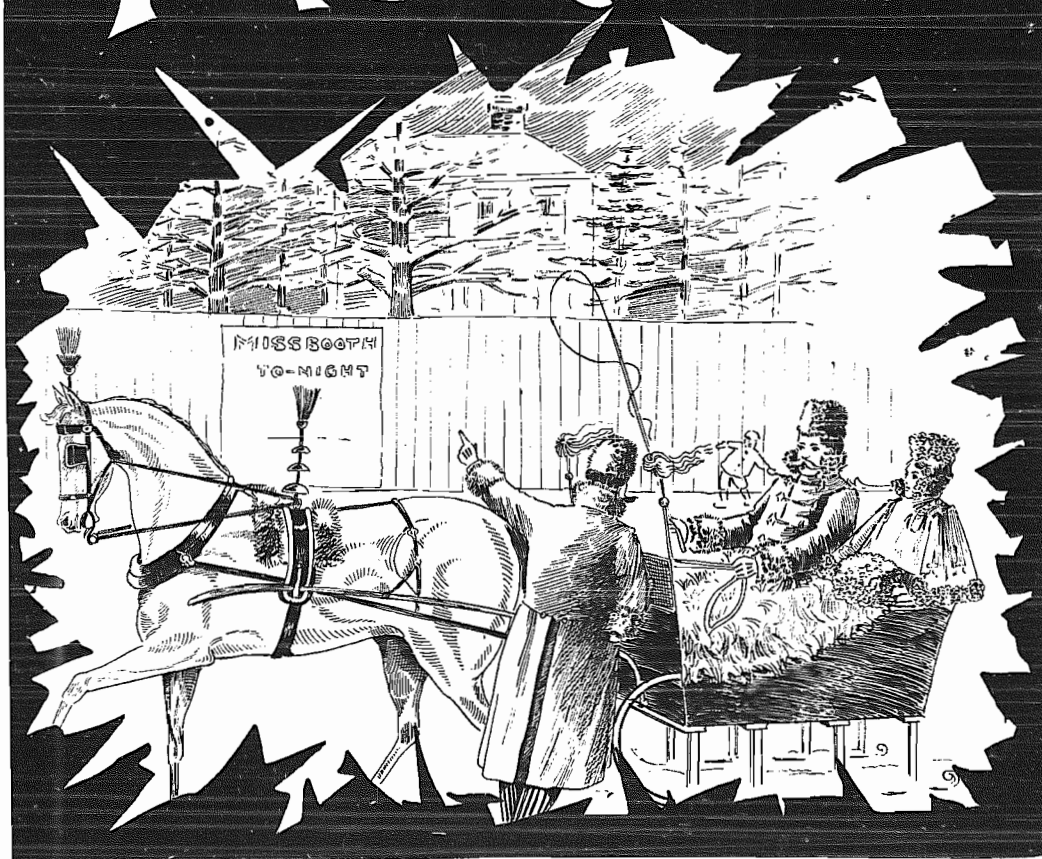
1570. JOHN JAMES COX. Son of an English Civil Minister; toilet soap-maker by trade. Born in London; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; age about 50. Left his home in Montreal the 15th July, 1876. Supposed to have gone over to the American side. Any one knowing of his whereabouts, please communicate with "Enquiry," Toronto. American Crya please copy.

1571. MRS. ELIZABETH GARLAND. Last heard from was in St. John, N. B. Any one knowing of her whereabouts, please communicate with "Enquiry," Toronto.

1572. GEORGE SUTHERLAND. Formerly a Soldier in the Salvation Army. Last heard of was five years ago. Was then living in Cincinnati, Ohio. U. S. He is between 25 and 30 years of age, son of a widow. He is now in the U. S. Army. Any one knowing of his whereabouts, please communicate with "Enquiry," Toronto. American Crya please copy.

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MISS BOOTH'S TORONTO CAMPAIGN



"What! Sleighting to-night? Haven't you heard of Miss Booth's meeting at the Salvation Army Temple? Put up your sleigh and come by all means"

AT THE TEMPLE

THURSDAY, February 18th,

SUNDAY, February 21st,

TUESDAY, February 23rd (United Soldiers' Meeting.)

SUNDAY, February 28th.